

"PEORIA"

SONG BOOK

(Third Revised Edition)

Published and Printed for Free Distribution by

EDWARD J. JACOB, PRINTER
424 Fulton St. Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.



THE BATTLE SONG OF LIBERTY

It's the roar and the rattle of Freedom's battle
That's calling us over the sea;
Where a mighty foe has challenged us, boys—
It's up to you and to me;
So get Old Glory, we'll make 'em sorry
That they ever dreamed of this fight
We're on our way with a Hip! Hooray!
Just to do what we know to be right.

Refrain

So here's to Uncle Sammy faithful and true;
Here's to our banner of red white and blue;
And here's to all good fellows on land and sea—
Singing the Battle Song of Liberty.

Please Accept This
"PEORIA" SONG BOOK
With Compliments of
EDWARD J. JACOB
PRINTER

424 Fulton Street

PEORIA, ILL. U. S. A.

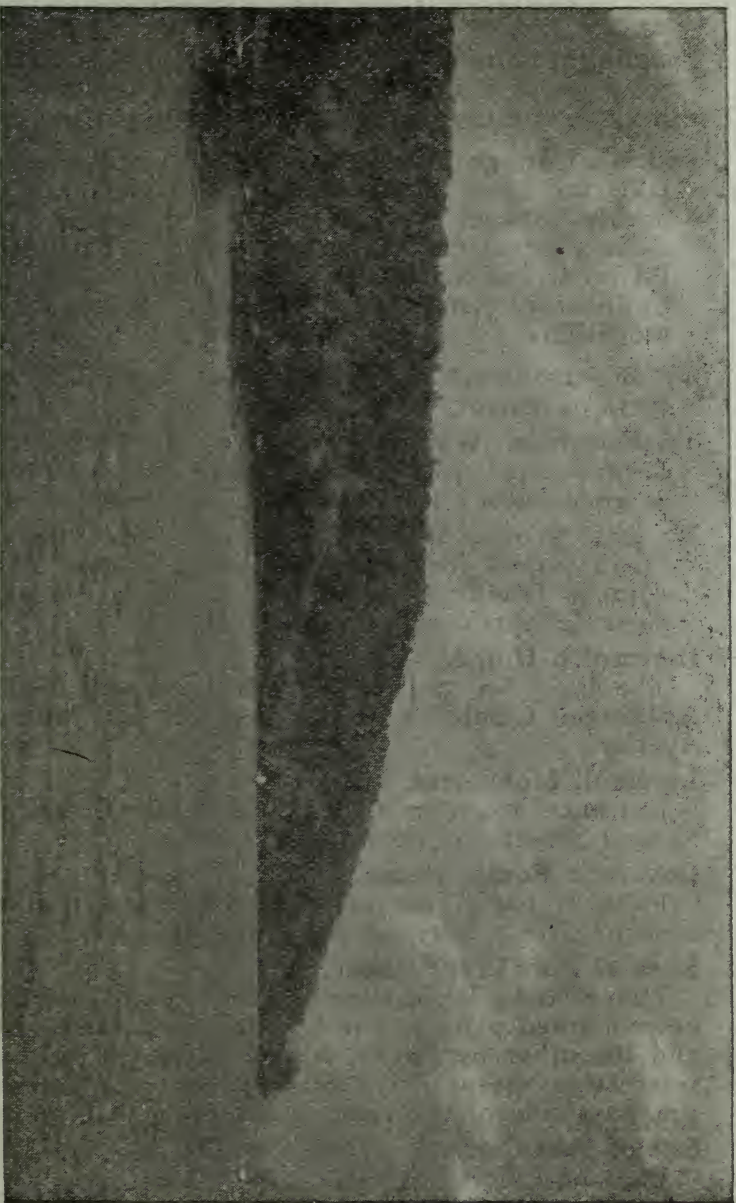
Revised by
H. F. REESE, Cashier
Farmers and Mechanics
State Bank
Averyville, Illinois, U.S.A.

"PEORIA" The Heart of Illinois



Points of Interest, Peoria, Illinois

- Glen Oak Park**, hundred five acres, lake, pavilion, play-grounds, palmhouse and flowers. Take Glen Oak, Country Club or North Monroe cars.
- Bradley Park**, hundred forty acres, driving park, pavilion and playgrounds. Take Main street or Bradley cars North.
- South Park**, ten acres, lake, pavilion and play-grounds. Take South Adams cars to terminus.
- Madison Park**, nearly hundred acres, golf and driving park. Take Second Avenue or Lincoln cars to termini.
- Grand View Driveway, Terrace Park, Grand View Park**, take Glen Oak, Prospect Heights or Country Club cars North, or Adams Street car North to Waterworks Park.
- Country Club**. Prospect Heights or Country Club cars. Motor North to Grand View Driveway.
- Peoria State Hospital**, five miles from Court House, South. Take Peoria Terminal cars to South Bartonville.
- Waterworks Park**. Take North Adams car to park.
- State House Square**, Third and Fourth Streets and Park Place, six blocks from heart of city.
- Morton Square**, Monroe Street car North to Morton Street.
- Proctor Recreation Center**, Martin and Allen Streets. Splendid buildings representing an endowment of over a million dollars.
- Bradley Polytechnic Institute**, representing an endowment of over three million dollars, also used as a military instruction camp. Take Main or Bradley Avenue cars North.
- 169739



UPPER LAKE AND ILLINOIS RIVER — Several hundred cottages dot the river bank from Peoria to Chillicothe, a distance of 20 miles.

Spalding Institute, gift of Archbishop Spalding to the boys of Central Illinois, within a few minutes' walk of the Court House.

Peoria's Cottage Section, cottages dot the river and lake for forty miles north. Pleasure craft ply hourly between the city and the cottages. Take Adams street car North to termini. Take Rock Island trains to Rome, distance sixteen miles; to Chillicothe, distance twenty miles. Hotel accommodations.

To **Big Hollow**. Knoxville Road, newly laid concrete pavement, distance five miles.

To **Mossville**, Webb farm and other "chicken run" destinations. Adams Street North to Galena Road, or go via Rock Island railroad to Mossville.

To East Peoria, Morton, Mackinaw and other suburban points for recreation and pleasure. Take Illinois Traction System cars at Court House—most delightful traction ride.

Ingersoll's Home.

The home of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, next to Knights of Columbus Club House, 227 No. Jefferson Avenue.

Ingersoll Monument.

Entrance to Glen Oak Park. Take Lincoln or Second Street Car north.

Governor Ford's Home.

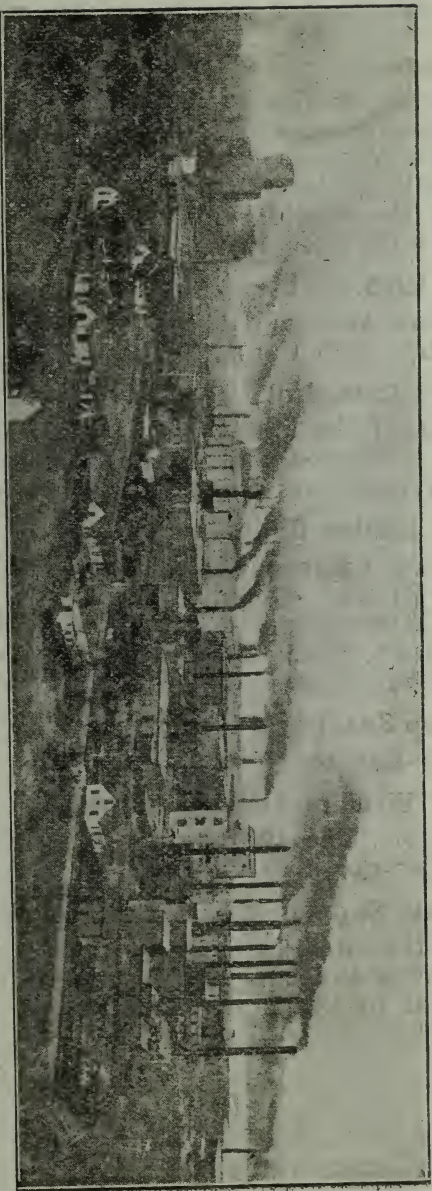
First House West of Public Library Building. Monroe Street, between Main and Madison.

Sites of Fort Creve Coeur.

Two of the alleged sites of Fort Creve Coeur have been marked plainly, one by the late John F. King and the other by the D. A. R. (Wesley City). An interesting motor drive of three or four miles on the East side of the river.

Site of Fort Clark.

Foot of Liberty Street.



A PORTION OF PEORIA'S MANUFACTURING DISTRICT—Peoria has a river front of ten miles and her several hundred factories operate almost continuously.

Lake Peoria.

The scene of the launching of the first gasoline motor boat in the world; the water course that produced the World's Champion Single Sculler, and which Butler, the Olympic Champion says is the finest in the world. Foot of Main Street, three minutes' walk from any of the hotels.

Country Club.

The show spot of Illinois. Take Peoria Heights or Country Club Cars.

St. Mary's Cathedral.

The site of the first Catholic Mission, established in 1847. Jefferson and Eaton Streets; Lincoln or Second Avenue cars going North.

Ruins of Jubilee College.

Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary, founded by the Rt. Rev. Philander Chase, Bishop of Illinois in 1839. Most picturesque. A beautiful motor drive of 20 miles. Take "State Road." Main to Elizabeth to Loucks.

Archbishop Spalding's Home.

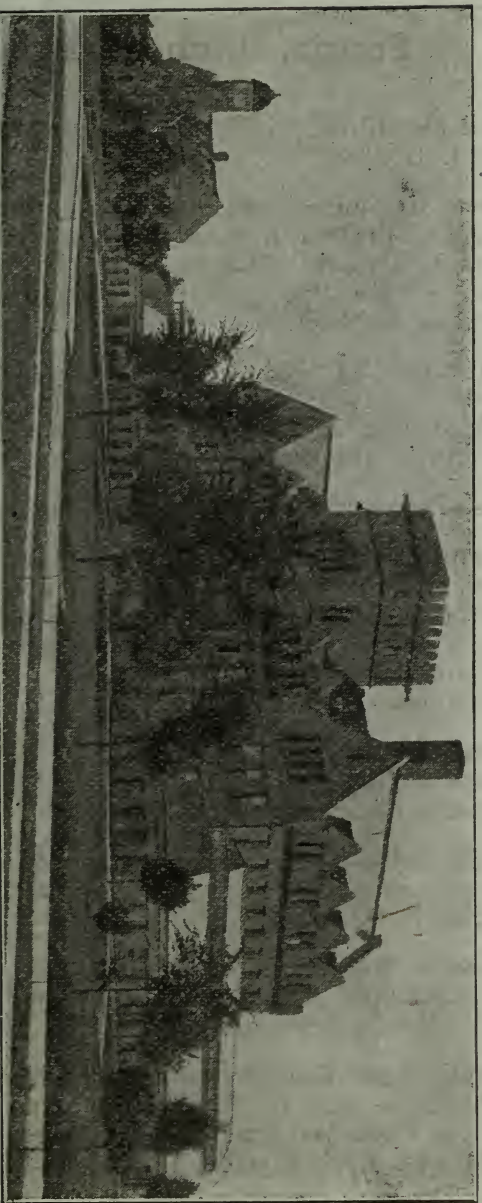
Heights Car to Glen Oak and two blocks east.

Home of William Hawley Smith.

Author of "The Evolution of Dodd." Knoxville Avenue Car north to Corrington.

Experiment Shop of Charles E. Duryea.

Where the first gasoline engine in America was built. Barker and University Streets. Take Bradley Avenue Car to University and two blocks South.



BRADLEY POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE AND HOROLOGICAL SCHOOL—A part of this institution is now devoted to the training of enlisted men in instrument repairing, machinists, gunsmiths, blacksmiths, carpenters, electricians, etc.

Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

Situated on Illinois river, half way between Chicago and St. Louis.

Fourteen steam railroads have terminals at Peoria, twelve of these railroads being a part of leading national systems. Three interurbans or electric railways. Electric one night sleeping car service, Peoria to St. Louis.

Population—City limits area nine square miles, 84,000. Greater Peoria, twenty square miles, one hundred thousand. Directory Census, 127,000. Second city in the state of Illinois.

Health—Death rate, eight to the thousand.

Parks and Parkways—Four hundred and twenty-five acres. Value \$4,000,000. Grand View Drive, three miles, one hundred feet wide, overlooks beautiful Illinois river valley. Country Club, 150 acres. Madison Park, public golf course.

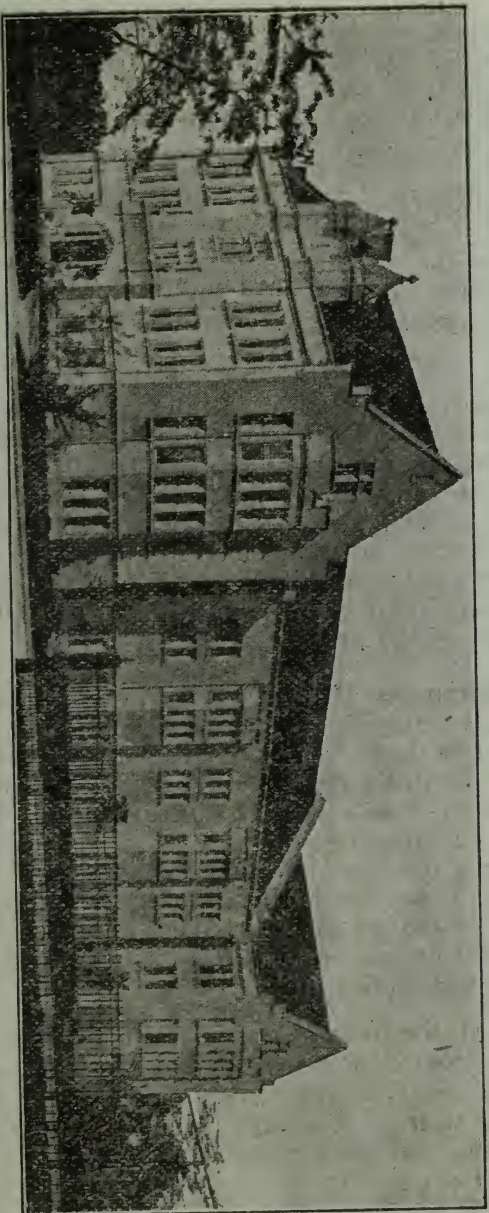
Pavilions and playgrounds in all parks.

Miles of Streets within city limits, 175. Miles of pavement, 82. Miles of sewers, 105. Miles of pavement Greater Peoria, 100.

Public Schools—Twenty-four, costing \$1,250,000. Two high school buildings, value \$1,000,000. Pupils in all schools, 13,000.

Churches in Peoria, eighty-four. Cost of construction, \$2,000,000. Denominations twenty. Hospitals, eight. Public homes, 8.

Academies and Conservatories—Spalding Institute for boys, a gift of Archbishop Spalding; three Business Colleges; four Music Conservatories; two Academies. Club houses, 17.



BRADLEY POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE—Gymnasium, now the home of nearly
500 enlisted men.

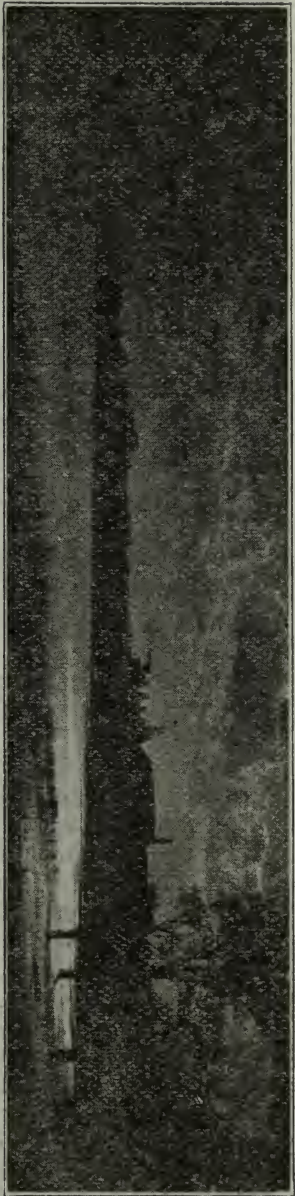
COLLEGE—Bradley Polytechnic Institute, offering four years of Academy work and two, three or four years of Collège work, according to the courses selected. Endowment, \$3,000,000.

Public Libraries, 2. Main Library, and Lincoln Branch Library, Lincoln Park, donated by Andrew Carnegie. Value real estate and buildings, \$159,000; art works, \$3,000; books, \$100,000; number of volumes, 145,097; circulation, 215,695.

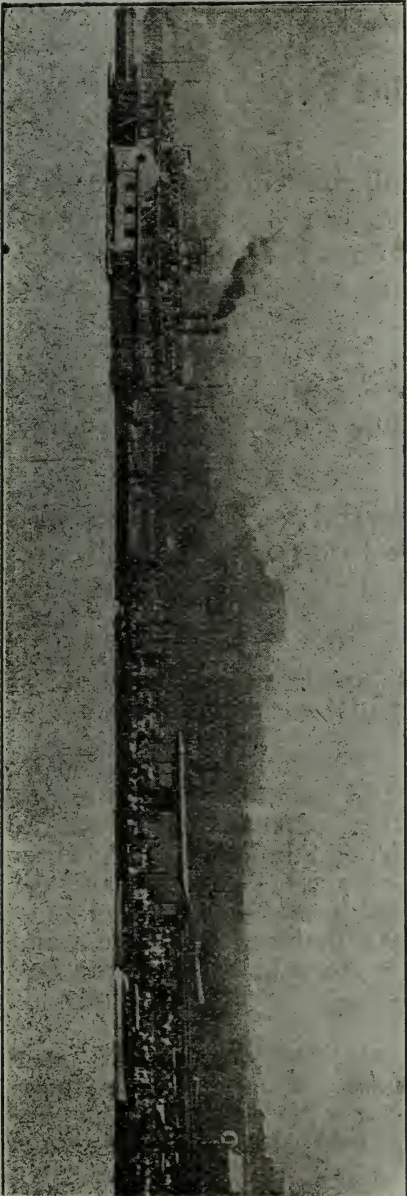
Water, superior quality, drawn from large wells. Manufacturing rate, for the first 6,000 gallons per month, per 1,000 gallons for 30c; for the next 18,000 gallons per month, per 1,000 gallons 20c; for the excess over 24,000 gallons per month, per 1,000,000 gallons per month, per 1,000 gallons 6c; for the excess over 1,000,000 gallons per month, per 1,000 gallons, 4c. Pumping capacity, 30,000,000 gallons daily; consumption, 10,000,000 gallons; miles of water pipe, 115.

Manufacturing Plants, 594 in City of Peoria, including Bartonville and Averyville. East Peoria, 16. Twenty-four concerns in Peoria, Averyville and Bartonville produce over one million dollars of products each year. Three in East Peoria. No city in America the size of Peoria has so many. Nine concerns do over two and one-half million dollars in business annually. Capital invested, \$50,000,000; employes, 12,000; annual wages, \$8,000,000.00; value of finished product, \$85,000,000.00; various articles made, 1,000.

National Recording Associations—American Hampshire Swine Record Association, National Home of the Hampshire Hog. New home, 409 Wisconsin avenue. National Duroc-Jersey Record Association; national home of the Duroc Hog, Monroe and Fayette streets.



Scene on Peoria Lake



Excursion Boats along the levee

Industrial Peoria

Peoria leads in the manufacture of diversified agricultural implements, and is third in the total annual output. "The sun does not set upon a Peoria made agricultural implement." The home of the big tractors.

Peoria has three paper mills using straw, rags and shoddy, producing roofing paper, strawboard, bag and tag stock.

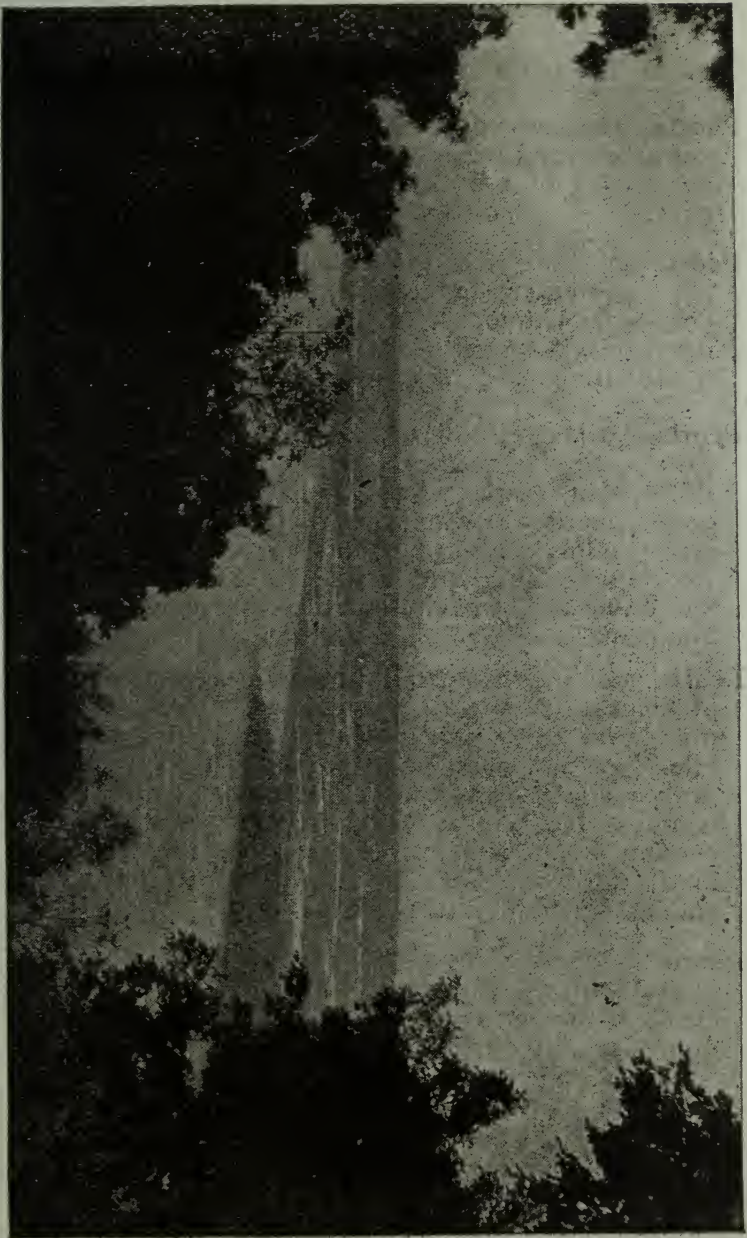
Peoria is the home of several steel and wire mills producing fencing, wire bale ties, nails, rods, etc., the immense steel mill of the Keystone Steel and wire Co.

Peoria produces immense quantities of alcohol for the arts and sciences, and for the manufacture of explosives.

Peoria has large milling and general grain interests, the American Milling Co. alone shipping on the average of thirty-five cars of finished product per day. Peoria during the past few months and for over a year past, has lead in the receipts and shipments of corn, and has maintained second and third position for many years in the receipts and shipments of oats.

Peoria has large live stock interests. Being on a direct line between Kansas City and Chicago markets, and drawing from a wide area there is continuous heavy receipts and shipments of hogs. Peoria's pork and beef packing industry and live stock interests, total nearly \$25,000,000 annually.

A Glimpse of Illinois River Scenery



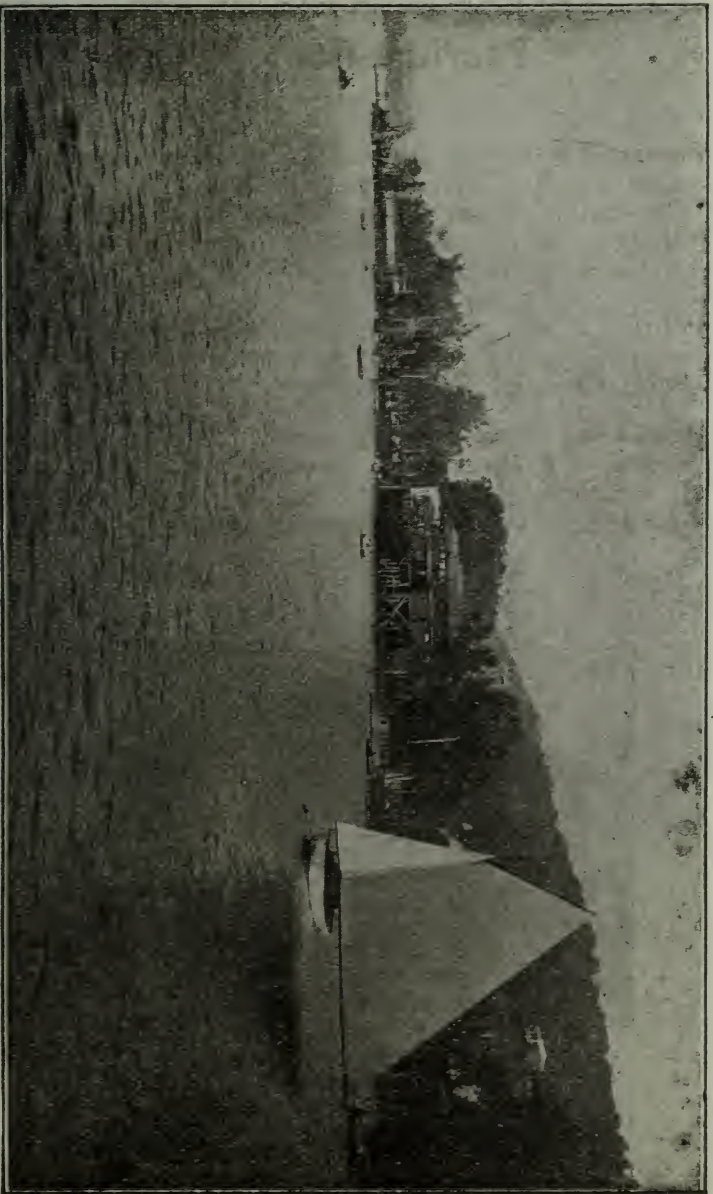
Peoria has immense cooper shops where barrels, kegs, tubs and other wooden stave ware are manufactured. This is one of the largest local industries.

Peoria has long held high place as a stove and furnace manufacturing center. Several big concerns employing hundreds of people ship finished product to all parts of the United States. Peoria made stoves and furnaces are household words.

Peoria is a large retail, wholesale and produce center, Peoria ships groceries, drugs, china, shoes, aprons, shirts, fish, poultry, paper, electrical supplies, dry goods, leather and harness, hardware and all general produce of garden and field to many states, Peoria's jobbing and wholesale business totaling \$30,000,000 00. Two thousand traveling men make their home in Peoria.

Peoria manufactures,—all kinds of agricultural implements, strawboard, paper bags, stoves, furnaces, marble supplies, machine parts, tractors, automobiles, grain products, alcohol, whisky, tinware, grain weighers, gray iron, castings, chemicals, mail wagons, etc., cigars, soap, steel rods, wire, nails roofing paper, wood work, supplies, vehicles of all kinds, aprons, shirts, gloves, mittens, clay products, cooperage, binder twine, rope, etc.

Peoria is the home of the Caterpillar. The Holt Manufacturing Company which produces the Caterpillar, the motive power for the "Tank" that is doing such wonderful work on the West Front, "over there," employs nearly 3,000 men, and has an immense plant capable of turning out these machines in large quantities.



The 'Up-River' Cottage District, where hundreds of families enjoy the summer

Peoria a Home City

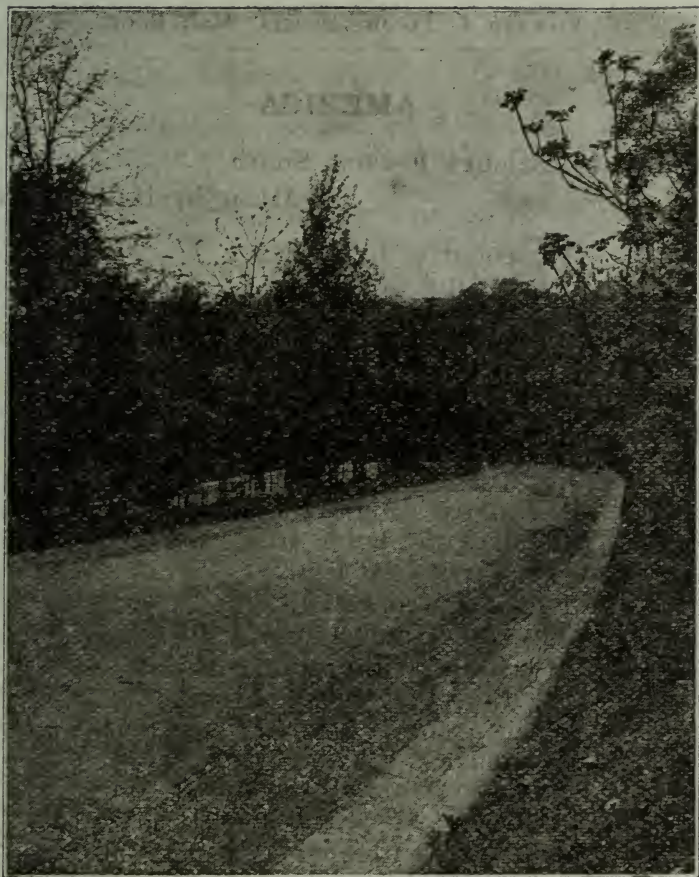
Peoria is a city of schools, homes, churches, recreation centers, driveways, parks, cottage district—"a summer resort," for Peoria combines all of the delights of climate with the advantages of boating, fishing and camp or cottage life.

Peoria, a city of co-operation, a friendly, kindly spirit, a determined people anxious to perfect a well rounded out city.

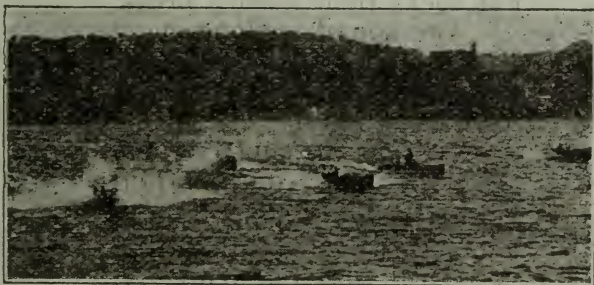
Peoria is ever mindful of welfare, music, social betterment, recreational movements, incorporating playgrounds and supervision, all contributing to a strong, virile citizenship.



Y. M. C. A. BUILDING



A Beautiful Drive on "Grand View"



Fast Motor Boat Racing, Peoria Lake

1

AMERICA

Words by Samuel Francis Smith.

Music by Henry Carey.

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

2 THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

O, Columbia! the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

When war wing'd its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe thro' the storm;
With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

CHORUS

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,

(Third and Fourth Stanzas Omitted)

3 THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last
gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in
air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag was
still there!

Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

On the shore dimly seen through the mist of the
deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,

What is that which the breeze o'er the lowering
steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,

In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream;

'Tis the star-spangled banner. Oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
pollution;

No refuge could save the hireling and slave

From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the
grave,

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved home and the war's desola-
tion;

Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-
rescued land

Praise the Power that made and preserved us a
nation.

Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,

And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

Francis Scott Key.

4

HAIL! COLUMBIA

Hail! Columbia, happy land!
Hail! ye heroes, heav'n-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize
Let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS

Firm united let us be,
Rallying 'round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.
(Second and Third Stanzas Omitted)

5 MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's war-like thrust,
And all thy slumb'ers with the just,
Maryland! my Maryland!

I see no blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Tho' thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Come! to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with 'liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland! my Maryland!

6

GRAND OLD FLAG

You're a grand old flag,
Though you're torn to a rag,
And forever in peace may you wave,
You're the emblem of the land I love,
The home of the free and the brave;
For ev'ry heart beats true
For the Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or a brag,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

7

YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG

Your flag and my flag!
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
The good forefathers' dream;

Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright—
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the
night.

Your flag and my flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your flag and my flag—
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie!

Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the
sound!

Your flag and my flag!
And oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed—
Red and blue and white.

The one flag—the great flag—the flag for me and
you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!

8 MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another
song—

Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful
sound!

How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary
found!

How the sweet potatoes even started from the
ground,

While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS

Hurrah! hurrah! We bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! The flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.
(Third, Fourth and Fifth Stanzas Omitted)

9 THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

How can I bear to leave thee
One parting kiss I give thee;
And then, what'er befalls me,
I go where honor calls me.

Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

Ne'er more may I behold thee,
Or to this heart enfold thee;
With spear and pennon glancing,
I see the foe advancing.

Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

I think of thee with longing;
Think thou, when tears are thronging,
That with my last faint sighing,
I'll whisper soft, while dying,

Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

10 JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
His soul goes marching on!

CHORUS

Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!

His soul is marching on.

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,

On the grave of old John Brown!

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,

His soul is marching on!

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,

His soul is marching on!

11 THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag boys, we'll rally once
again,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;

We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the
plain,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;

CHORUS

The Union forever, hurrah boys, Hurrah!

Down with the traitor, Up with the star;

While we rally round the flag boys, rally once again,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone
before,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;

And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen
more,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and
brave,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;

And altho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a
slave,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;

So we're springing to the call from the East and from
the West,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;

And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love
best, ar

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;

12 COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.

Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue;

When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe thro' the storm:
With the garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue;

The boast of the red white and blue,
The boast of the red, white and blue;
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue;

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:
May the service, united, ne'er sever,
But hold to their colors so true;
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue;

Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue;
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue;

13 WE'RE TENTING TONIGHT.

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight, tenting on the old
camp ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "good-bye!"

We are tired of war on the old camp ground,
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who've left their homes,
Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting today on the old camp ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

CHORUS (last verse).

Many are hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying tonight, dying tonight, dying on the old camp
ground.

14 Tune "Pack up Your Troubles."

I don't know of a finer occupation
Than to hike—along the pike.
You can shed seven kinds of perspiration
If you strike—a road you like.
When you feel a blister on your heel
And your tongue hangs out,
You can drill up any kind of hill,
If you raise your voice and shout—

CHORUS

SAY—pick up your feet a little faster, bo,
And hike, hike, hike,
And make 'em see that you're a laster, bo,
That's the sort they like.
Only ten more miles to go,
And for the love of Mike,
JUST pick up your feet a little faster, bo,
And hike, hike, hike!

When you find that the road is long and dreary,
And your gun—seems like a ton,
Never mind if you feel a trifle dreary,
For the fun—has just begun;
When you find your knees begin to hit,
And you feel like—well—
Dropping out and falling in a fit,
Hit the man ahead and yell—

15 YANKEE DOODLE.

Fath'r and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Good'in',
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin.'

CHORUS.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,—
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David,
And what they wasted ev'ry day,
I wish it could be saved.

And there was Captain Washington,
Upon a slapping stallion,
A giving orders to his men,
I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers on his hat,
They look'd so very fine, ah!
I wanted peskily to get,
To give to my Jemina.

And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And ev'ry time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder,
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

And there I saw a little keg,
Its head all made of leather,
They knock'd up on't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

16 TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

In the prison cell I sit,
Thinking, Mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away;
And the tears they fill my eyes
Spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag
We shall breathe the air again
Of the free-land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood
When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more;
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back, dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.

So, within the prison cell,
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door;
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

17 GOD OF OUR FATHERS.

God of our fathers, let Thy face
T'ward the Republic ever be!
Encompass it with strength and grace,
And law combine with liberty.

Unto our President impart
Sustaining trust, discerning sight,
The homage of the loyal heart,
The steadfast courage for the right.

Within our Congress let the fire
Of patriotic love abide;
Its councils lead, its acts inspire,
And in the nation's halls preside.

Upon our judges let the seal
Of Thy divine anointing be—
The wisdom calm, the righteous zeal,
The robes of truth and equity.

18

RULE, BRITANNIA.

When Britain first at Heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main—
Arose from out, arose from out the azure main.
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain.

Chorus

"Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves."

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall;
Must in their turn, must in their turn to tyrants
fall;
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and
free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
More dreadful from, more dreadful from each
foreign stroke;
As the loud blast, that, loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

19

GOD SAVE THE KING.

(English National Hymn)

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.

Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix,
God save the King!

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.

May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

20

THE GRAND OLD FLAG.

The Grand Old Flag is just what she used to be,
Emblem of Liberty, fearless of Germany,
The Grand Old Flag is just what she used to be,
Many long years ago.

CHORUS:

Many long years ago, Many long years ago,
The Grand Old Flag is just what she used to be,
Many long years ago.

20-A THE MARSEILLAISE.

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grand sires hoary,
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts a ruffian band,
Afright and desolate the land,
When peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
 On liberty or death!

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air!
To mete and vend the light and air!
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
 On liberty or death!

20-B

IRISH KAISER

(Tune "Wearing of the Green")

When the War is over laddy, just take a tip from
me,

There will be no German submarines a driving
through the sea;

And the Fatherland of Kaiser Bill, the guy we're
going to lick,

Will have a bran new Kaiser, and the same will be
a Mick.

We will change their song Die Wacht am Rhein,
into an Irish reel,

And we'll make the Dutchman dance it if 'tis so in-
clined we feel;

In Berlin the whole police force will be Micks from
County Clare,

When we put an Irish Kaiser in the palace over
there.

Shure in every German parkway, you'll find a sweet
colleen,

And the fields of waving sauer-kraut will be an Em-
erald green;

No more limburger or sausage when the German
drinks his suds,

He'll get corn-beef and cabbage and some good old
Irish spuds.

The Zepellins and gas-bombs, with them we'll do
away,

And make them use shillahlees, and bricks of Irish
clay;

They will wear no iron crosses, for 'tis shamrocks
they will wear,

When we put an Irish Kaiser in the palace over
there.

21

ILLINOIS

By thy rivers gently flowing, Illinois, Illinois,
O'er thy prairies verdant growing, Illinois, Illinois,
Comes an echo on the breeze,
Rustling thro' the leafy trees,
And its mellow tones are these, Illinois, Illinois.

Repeat the last line.

From a wilderness of prairies, Illinois, Illinois,
Straight thy way and never varies, Illinois, Illinois.
Till upon the inland sea,
Stands the great commercial tree,
Turning all the world to thee, Illinois, Illinois.

When you heard your country calling, Illinois, Illi-
nois,
Where the shot and shell were falling, Illinois, Illi-
nois,
When the Southern host withdrew,
Pitting Gray against the Blue,
There were none more brave than you, Illinois, Illi-
nois.

Not without thy wondrous story, Illinois, Illinois.
Can be writ the nation's glory, Illinois, Illinois,
On the record of the years,
Ab'ram Lincoln's name appears
Grant and Logan and our tears, Illinois, Illinois.

22

PEORIA IS MY OWN TOWN

(Tune—"In the Good Old Summer Time")
Tell the folks in Peoria,
That I'll be back some day,
When I return, I'll never yearn
To leave, I'll stay right there
Where folks were always good to me,
Where fortune smiles right down,
It's the best old place in the United States,
Peoria is my town.

23 I LIKE A TOWN LIKE PEORIA

(Tune—"I Want a Girl")

I like a town, Just like the town
We call Peoria,
Where perfect health, and boundless wealth
From those rich lands you draw.
Mountain peaks and ocean breezes may be fine,
But I'll take the Illinois valleys for mine,
Grand place to strike, that's why I like
A town like Peoria.

24 PEORIA

(Tune—"Tammany")

Peoria, Peoria, City of the Central West,
Bet your life it is the best,
Peoria, Peoria, The only place on earth to live
Is PEORIA.

Peoria, Peoria, Business center of the earth,
There you get your money's worth,
Peoria, Peoria, Come and buy your goods from us
In PEORIA.

25 HAIL, ILLINOIS.*

(By Wallace Rice.)

By the Flag that's floating o'er us,
By our fathers' fame before us,
Raise your voices in the chorus,

Hail Illinois.

CHORUS

Hail, Illinois!
Hail, Illinois!
Thine the story,
God's the glory:
Hail, Illinois!

By the mem'ries that attend her;
Grant, the Union's bold defender;
Loyal Douglas; Lincoln's splendor;
Hail Illinois.

By her hundred years of honor—
Who in all the world outshone her?
Wreathed like laurel bright upon her,
Hail Illinois.

By the fields her sons left gory,
Make her past her future story,
On and on to greater glory
Hail Illinois.

* To be sung to the old air of "The Little Black Bull." Note that in the stanzas the audience is being appealed to to hail Illinois, and in the chorus the audience is hailing her; in other words, Illinois is in the third person in the verse part, in the second person in the chorus.

26 THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,

When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,

And ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,

The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it.

And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were
glowing.

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing.

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!

Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation.

And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

27 HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world is ne'er met with else-
where.

CHORUS.

Home, home, home sweet home.
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child.
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage
door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me
no more.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again.
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them and that peace of mind dearer than all.

28 ARE YOU FROM DIXIE?

Are you from Dixie? I said from Dixie!
Where the fields of cotton beckon to me.
I'm glad to see you, Tell me how be you
And the friends I'm longing to see.

If you're from Alabama, Tennessee or Caroline
Any place below the Mason Dixon line

Then you're from Dixie, Hurray for Dixie!
'Cause I'm from Dixie too!

29 WHO SAID DIXIE?

It draws my attention to hear someone mention
My Home Sweet Home,
Because no matter where I chance to roam
I find that spot the grandest one on earth,
It gave me birth
That is the only place I rave about

There's no use o' trying I can't help a sighing
For Dixie Land

And every time I hear a Dixie band
I can't help dancin' round just like a child,
It sets me wild—

Just speak of Dixie land any old spot,
You can have any old thing that I've got.

CHORUS.

Who said Dixie? Did you say Dixie?
Someone said Dixie to me
It sure did remind me of my old mammy,
It brought me right back home to Alabammy
Back to places where smiling faces mean hospitality.
When the Lord found out he made the best,
He called it Dixie then took a rest—
Who said Dixie? If you said Dixie, then you said
something to me.

30

DIXIE LAND.

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land, I'll take my stand
To lib and die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Old Missus marry "Will-de-weaber,"
Willium was a gay deceaber;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
But when he put his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab'er;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Old Missus acted the foolish part
And died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

30-A

Tune, "DIXIE."

Oh, I hope some day that my luck will find me,
Cross the Rhine with a gang behind me,

Look away, look away, look away, Germany!
For you can bet your Ann Eliza
I would like to stick the Kaiser,

Look away, look away, look away, Germany!

CHORUS

Oh, I'm glad I'm in the army, Hooray! Hooray!
I hope in France I get a chance to kick the Kaiser
in the pants.

Let's go, Let's go, Let's go and can the Kaiser!
Let's go, Let's go, Let's go and can the Kaiser!

Oh, I hope and pray it will be yours truly
Puts the B on Bill the Bully,

Look away, look away, look away, Germany!
I'd come across with my bottom dollar
Just to hear his highness holler.

Look away, look away, look away, Germany!

31

THE U. S. A. FOREVER.

(Tune: "Dixie Land").

Come all who live in the U. S. A.
Join in our song and sing today.

Work away, work away, for the land of the free.
United firm with every state
Will make a nation good and great.

Work away, work away, for the land of the free.

CHORUS.

The U. S. A. forever,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

The stars and stripes shall wave above the U. S. A.
forever.

Hurrah! Hurrah!

The U. S. A. forever.

Hurrah! Hurrah!

The U. S. A. forever.

32 CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and taters
grow;
There's where the birds warble sweetly in the spring-
time;
There's where dis old darky's heart am long to
go;
There's where I labored so long for old master
Day after day in that field of yellow corn;
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the place where I was born.

CHORUS

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and taters
grow.
There's where the birds warble sweetly in spring-
time,
There's where dis old darky's heart am long to go.

33 OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

'Way down upon de Swanee river,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ever,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.

All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS

All de world is sad and dreary,
Ev'rywhere I roam;
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All roun' de little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.

When I was playing with my brother,
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One that I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.

When will I see de bees a humming,
All roun' de comb?
When will I hear de banjo trumming,
Down in my good old home?

34 MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

Round de meadows am a-ringing
De darkeys' mournful song,
While de mocking birds am singing,
Happy as the day am long.

Where de ivy am a-creeping,
O'er de grassy mound,
Dare old massa am a-sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

CHORUS

Down in the corn field,
Hear dat mournful sound;
All de darkeys am a-weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old Massa calling,
Cayse he was so weak and old.

Now de orange trees am blooming,
On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am coming,
Massa nebber calls no more.

Massa make de darkeys love him,
Cayse he was so kind,
Now dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.

I cannot work before tomorrow,
Cayse de tear drops flow;
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Picking on de old banjo.

35

OLD BLACK JOE.

Gone are the days, when my heart was young and
gay;

Gone are my friends, from the cotton fields away;

Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,

I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

CHORUS

I'm coming, I'm coming, For my head is bending
low;

I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Why do I weep, when my heart should feel no pain?

Why do I sigh, that my friends come not again?

Grieving for forms now departed long ago,

I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Where are the hearts, once so happy and so free?

The children so dear, that I held upon my knee?

Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,

I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;

The corntops ripe and the meadows in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,

By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

CHORUS

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh, weep no more today;

We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;

They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight,

The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the ducky may go;

A few more days and the trouble all will end,
In the fields where the sugar canes grow;

A few more days for to tote the heavy load,
No matter 'twill never be light,

A few more days we will totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

37 HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many
tears

While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

CHORUS.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary;
Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more;
Many days you have linger'd around my cabin door,
Oh, Hard Times, come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light
and gay

There are frail forms fainting at the door:
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks
will say—

Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life
away

With a worn heart whose bitter days are o'er:
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis singing all the
day—

Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,

'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,

'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly
grave,

Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

38

ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwelton braes are bonnie

Where early fa's the dew,

And 'twas there that Annie Laurie

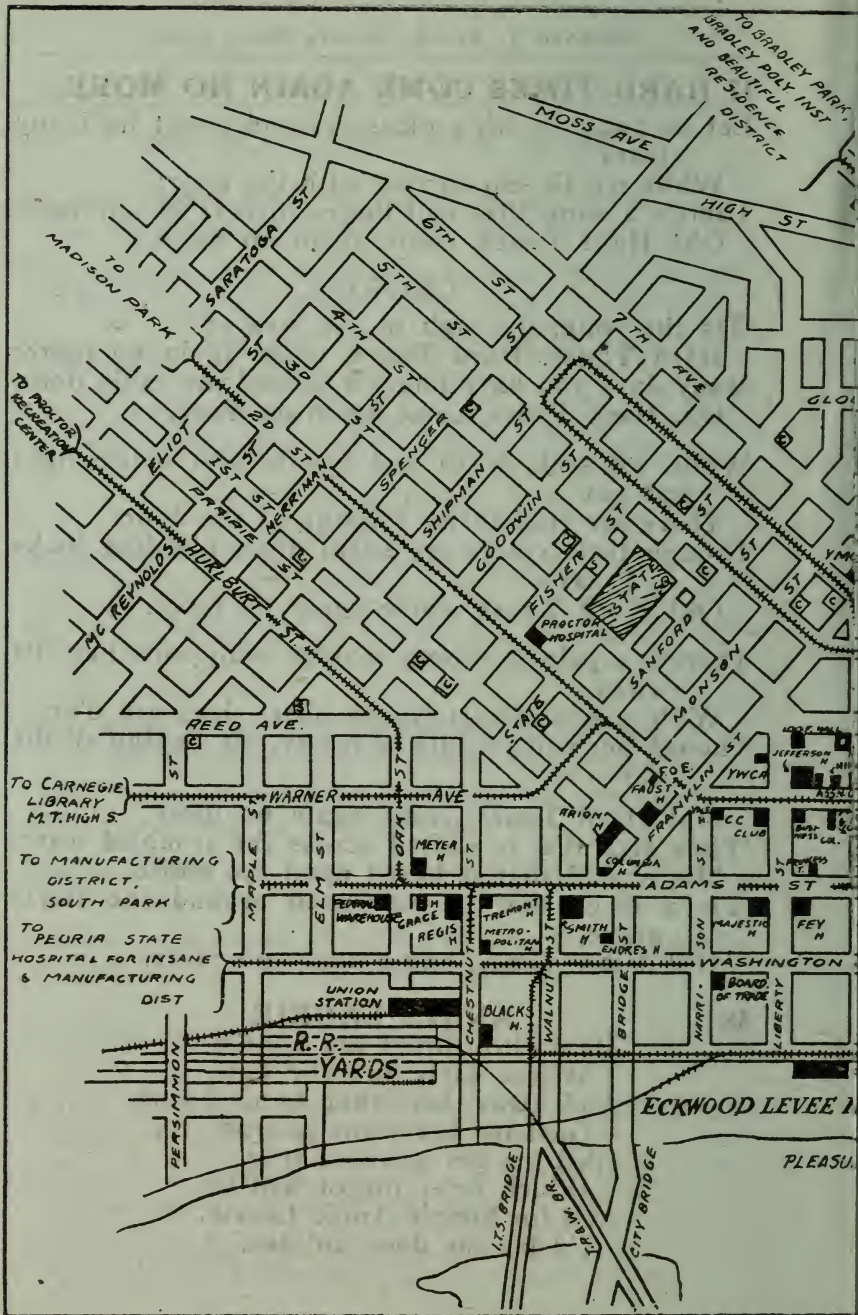
Gied me her promise true.

Gied me her promise true,

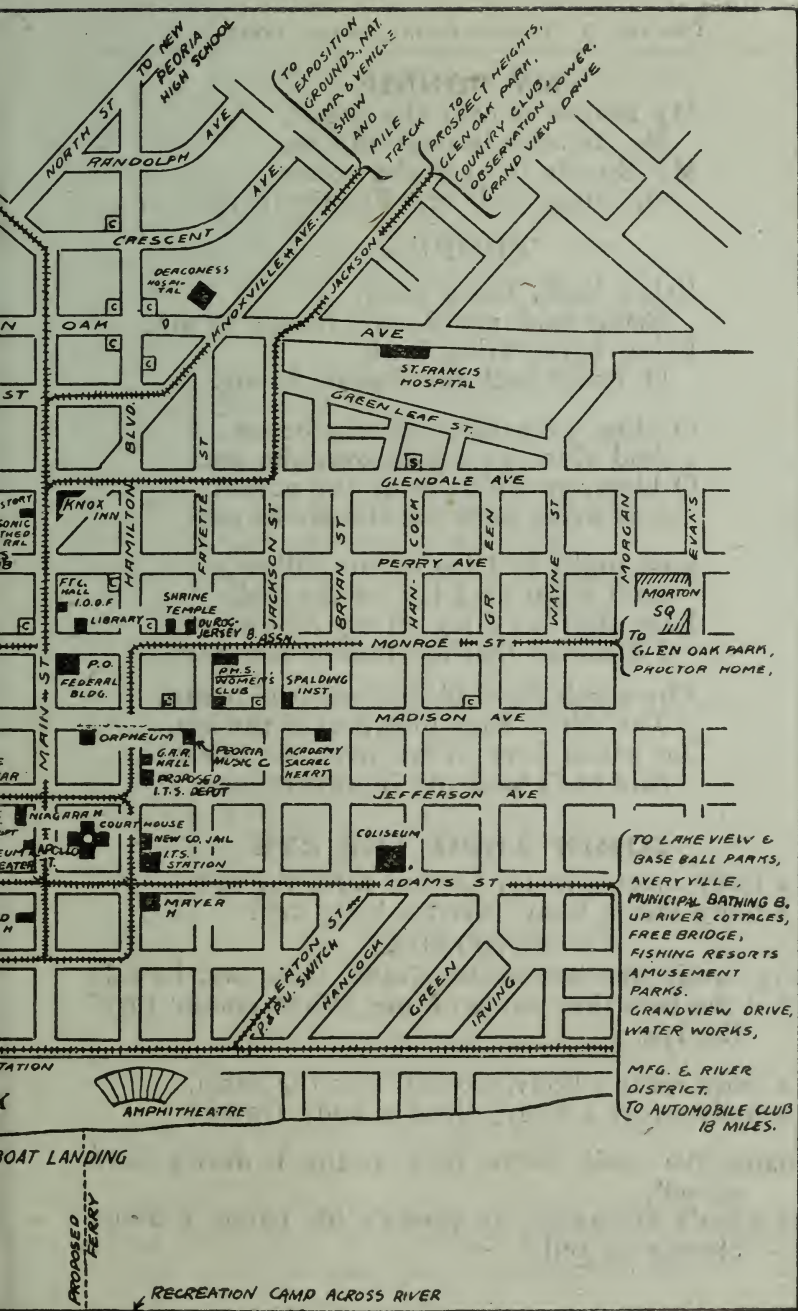
Which ne'er forgot will be,

And for bonnie Annie Laurie

I'd lay me doon an' dee.



MAP OF PEORIA'S MAI



39

MY BONNIE

My Bonnie is over the ocean,
My Bonnie is over the sea,
My Bonnie is over the ocean,
O, bring back my Bonnie to me.

CHORUS

Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me;
Bring back, bring back,
O, bring back my Bonnie to me.

O blow' ye winds, over the ocean,
And blow, ye winds, over the sea,
O blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
And bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And bro't back my Bonnie to me.

40

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

If a body meet a body, Comin' thro, the rye,
If a body kiss a body, Need a body cry?

CHORUS

Ev'ry lassie has her laddie, Nane, they say, ha'e I;
Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro'
the rye.

If a body meet a body, Comin' frae the town,
If a body greet a body, Need a body frown?

Amang the train there is a swain I dearly love
myself';

But what's his name, or where's his hame, I dinna
choose to tell.

41

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

CHORUS

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We two ha'e ran aboot the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
We've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We two' ha'e sported i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine,
But seas between us braid ha'e roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lange syne.

42

I LOVE A LASSIE

Or, "Ma Scotch Bluebell."

I love a lassie, a bonnie Hielan' lassie,
If ye saw her you would fancy her as well;
I met her in September, popp'd the question in No-
vember,
So I'll soon be havin' her a' to ma-sel'
Her faither has consented, so I'm feelin' quite con-
tented
'Cause I've been and sealed the bargain wi' a kiss
I sit and weary, weary, when I think aboot ma deary,
An' you'll always hear me singing this.

CHORUS

I love a lassie,
A bonnie, bonnie lassie,
She's as pure as the lily in the dell.
She's as sweet as the heather,
The bonnie, bloomin' heather
Mary, ma Scotch Bluebell.

I love a lassie, a bonnie Hielan' lassie,
She can warble like a blackbird in the dell,
She's an angel ev'ry Sunday, but a jolly lass on
Monday;
She's as modest as her namesake, the bluebell.
She's nice, she's neat, she's tidy, and I meet her ev'ry
Friday;
That's a special night you bet I never miss.
I'm chanted, I'm enraptured since my heart the
darlin' captured,
She's intoxicated me with bliss.

I love a lassie, a bonnie Hielan' lassie,
I could sit and let her tease me for a week;
For the way she keeps behavin' well, I never pay
for shavin'
'Cause she rubs my whiskers clean off with her
cheek.
And underneath my bonnet, where the hair was,
there's none on it,
For the way she pats my head has made me bald.
'Round her waist I put my arm, just to keep her
nice and warm—
On the frosty nights so very cauld.

43 ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'.

I've seen lots of bonnie lassies
Trav'llin' far and wide,
But my heart is centered noo' on bonnie Kate Mc-
Bride.
And altho' I'm no a chap that throws a word away,
I'm surprised mysel' sometimes at a' I've got to
say.

CHORUS

Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie banks o'
Clyde.

Roamin' in the gloamin' wae my lassie by my side
When the sun has gone to rest,
That's the time that we love best—
O' it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'.

One nicht in the gloamin' we were
Trippin' side by side.
I kissed her twice, and asked her once
If she would be my bride.
She was shy, so was I
We were baith the same,
But I got brave and braver on the journey comin'
hame.

Last nicht efter strollin' we got
Hame at half past nine.
Sittin' at the kitchen fire I asked her to be mine.
When she promised, I got up and danced the Hielan'
fling;
I've just been at the jeweller's and I've picked a
nice wee ring.

44 A WEE DEOCH AND DORIS.

There's a good old Scottish custom
That has stood the test of time,
It's the custom that's been carried out
In every land and clime—
Where brother Scots foregather
It's aye the usual thing.
For just before they say "Good Nicht,"
They fill their cups and sing.

CHORUS

Just a wee Deoch-an' Doris,

A wee drap, that's a'

A wee Deoch-an' Doris,

Before we gang a-wa'

There's a wee wifie waiting.

In a wee but an ben

If ye can say,

"It's a braw, bricht, moon licht nicht,

Ye're a richt, ye ken.

I like a man that is a man,

A man that's straight and fair.

A sort of man, that will and can

In all things do his share.

I like a man, a jolly man,

The sort o' man ye know;

The chap that slaps yer back and says,

"Mon Jock," before we go.

I'll invite ye a' some other night,

To come and bring yer wives,

And I'll guarantee ye'll have the grandest

Nicht in all yer lives,

I'll have the bag-pipes skirling

We'll make the rafters ring,

And when yer tired and sleepy,

Why, I'll wake yer up an' sing.

45 JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Just before the battle, Mother,

I am thinking most of you,

While upon the field we're watching,

With the enemy in view.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,

'Tis the signal for the fight;

Now may God protect us, Mother,

As He ever does the right.

Comrades brave around me lying,
Filled with tho'ts of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air;
Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.

CHORUS

Farewell, Mother, you may never, you may never,
Mother,
Press me to your heart again;
But oh, you'll not forget me, Mother, (you will not
forget me)
If I'm numbered with the slain.

46

ROCK OF AGES.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

47 **ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS**

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war;
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.

CHORUS

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me,

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Tho' like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;

Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking tho'ts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;

So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forget,
Upward I fly,

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

49 **IN THE SWEET BY AND BY.**

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we may see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore!
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.

To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days!

50 **GOOD-NIGHT LADIES.**

Good night, ladies!
Good night, ladies!
Good night, ladies!
We're going to leave you now.

CHORUS

Merrily we roll along,
Roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along,
Over the dark blue sea.

Farewell, ladies!
Farewell, ladies!
Farewell, ladies!
We're going to leave you now.

Sweet dreams, ladies!
Sweet dreams, ladies!
Sweet dreams, ladies!
We're going to leave you now.

51 LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
And in the dusk, where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

REFRAIN.

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go;
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song,
Comes love's old sweet song.

Even today we hear love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells forever more,
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day;
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

52 DARLING NELLIE GRAY.

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore
Where I've whiled many happy hours away,
A sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

CHORUS.

O my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climbed the mountain, and the
stars were shining too,
Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe,
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way;

Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door;
O I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

CHORUS (last verse).

O my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there, they say,

That they'll never take you from me any more;
I'm a coming—coming—coming, as the angels clear the way,

Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

53

BEN BOLT.

Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet that crawls round the walls as you gaze,
Has followed the olden din,
And a quiet that crawls round the walls as you gaze,
Has followed the olden din.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so kind and so true,
And the shaded nook by the running brook,
Where the fairest wild flowers grew?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I;
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I.

54 GOOD-BYE, MY LOVER, GOOD-BYE.

The ship goes sailing down the bay,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!—
We may not meet for many a day,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!—
My heart will ever more be true,
Tho' now we sadly say adieu;
Oh, kisses sweet I leave with you,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

CHORUS.

The ship goes sailing down the bay,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!
'Tis sad to tear my heart away!
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

I'll miss you on the stormy deep,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!—
What can I do but ever weep?
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!—
My heart is broken with regret!
But never dream that I'll forget;
I lov'd you once, I love you yet,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

Then cheer up till we meet again,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!—
I'll try to bear my weary pain,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!—
Tho' far I roam across the sea,
My ev'ry thought of you shall be,
Oh, say you'll sometimes think of me,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

55 LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet Hally, sweet
Hally,
I'm dreaming now of Hally,
For the thought of her is one that never dies;
She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley,
She's sleeping in the valley,
And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.

CHORUS.

Listen to the mocking bird,
Listen to the mocking bird,
The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave:
Listen to the mocking bird,
Listen to the mocking bird,
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

Ah! well I yet remember, remember, remember,
Ah! well I yet remember,
When we gather'd in the cotton, side by side;
'Twas in the mild September, September, September,
'Twas in the mild September,
And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.

56 LONDON BRIDGE.

London bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down,
London bridge is falling down,
My fair lady.

Build it up with iron bars,
Iron bars, iron bars,
Build it up with iron bars,
My fair lady.

Iron bars will bend and break,
Bend and break, bend and break,
Iron bars will bend and break,
My fair lady.

Build it up with gold and silver,
Gold and silver, gold and silver,
Build it up with gold and silver,
My fair lady.

Directions—Two children make the bridge so as to form an arch; the others form in line, each one holding on to the one in front, and pass under the arch; at the words, "My Fair Lady" the two who form the bridge let their arms fall, catching whichever child happens to be passing. He is then asked "Which do you prefer, gold or silver?" and he is sent behind one or the other of the bridge-makers, according to his choice, they having privately agreed which will stand for silver and which for gold. After all have chosen, the game ends with a tug-of-war between the two sides.

57 THE QUILTING PARTY.

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the bank the pale moon shone;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

CHORUS.

I was seeing Nellie home,
I was seeing Nellie home.
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my arm a soft hand rested,
Rested light as ocean foam;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my lips a whisper trembled,
Trembled till it dared to come,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

58

FARMER IN THE DELL.

The farmer in the dell,
The farmer in the dell,
High oh the derry oh,
The farmer in the dell.

The farmer takes a wife,
The farmer takes a wife,
High oh the derry oh,
The farmer takes a wife.

The wife takes a child,
The wife takes a child,
High oh the derry oh,
The wife takes a child.

The child takes the nurse,
The child takes the nurse,
High oh the derry oh,
The child takes the nurse.

The nurse takes the dog,
The nurse takes the dog,
High oh the derry oh,
The nurse takes the dog.

The dog takes the cat,
The dog takes the cat,
High oh the derry oh,
The dog takes the cat.

The cat takes the rat,
The cat takes the rat,
High oh the derry oh,
The cat takes the rat.

The rat takes the cheese,
The rat takes the cheese,
High oh the derry oh,
The rat takes the cheese,

The cheese stands alone.
The cheese stands alone.
High oh the derry oh,
The cheese stands alone.

Directions—One child, the farmer, stands in the center of circle, and at the singing of first verse, chooses another, "the wife," from the circle; this one, in turn, chooses, the next and so on until the "cheese" is clapped out, and must begin again as the farmer.

59 A PERFECT DAY.

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay,
For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray,
And the Dear friends have to part?

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey too;
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true,
For mem'ry has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find, at the end of a perfect day,
The soul of a friend we've made.

59-A Tune, "A Perfect Day."

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you're due for a sudden hunch,
Do you sometimes think of a royal jay
Whose jaw you would like to punch?
Do you sometimes think of the joy 't would bring—
And last you a whole long week—
To just wind up for a right hand swing
And land on the Kaiser's beak?

Well, this is the end of a perfect day—
With nobody round to stop—
To get your teeth in the Kaiser's ear
And your knee in the Kaiser's crop,
To get your thumbs in a loving way
On the back of the Kaiser's neck,
While the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And lights, up the royal wreck!

60

**THE MAN BEHIND THE HAMMER AND THE
PLOW**

It's the man behind the Hammer and the Plow
Who made this country what it is today;
It's the man behind the Hammer and the Plow,
The gift of God's Creation, the builders of the na-
tion—

Mechanic and the Engineer, all honest Sons of Toil,
The back-bone of the world today,
The man who tills the soil;
It's up to him to win the battle now—
The man behind the Hammer and the Plow.

61

WHERE THE BLACK-EYED SUSANS GROW

I'm going back to a shack where the Black-eyed
Susans grow

I love 'em so,—

They're all around on the ground where I found the
one I know—

So long ago,—

The honey bees all know I'm comin'—

I seem to hear them softly hummin',

"You'll be losin' your little Susan,

You'd better be getting busy buzzin' around."

To stroll again down the lane to the plain old rustic
seat

Will be a treat,
And then I'll bring out the ring for the finger of my
sweet,—
She's mighty sweet—
And when I'm tied to the pride of the country side
Maybe I'll introduce you to my corn-fed bride,
When I come back from the shack where the Black-
eyed Susans grow.

62 YOU'RE A DANGEROUS GIRL

You're beautiful, yes beautiful,
You're wonderful, I know,
But you're the kind of girlie that makes 'em fall,
And when you get 'em where you want 'em you
fool 'em all;
I'm on to you, But I'm fond of you,
'Cause you're the sweetest girl in the world,
I love your eyes, I'm fond of your kissing,
But my heart cries: "Stop, Look and Listen!"
You're wonderful, yes marvelous,
But you're a dog-gone dangerous girl.

63 PRETTY BABY

Everybody loves a baby that's why I'm in love with
you,
Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby,
And I'd like to be your sister, brother, dad and
mother too,
Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby,
Won't you come and let me rock you in my cradle
of love,
And we'll cuddle all the time.
Oh! I want a Lovin' Baby and it might as well be
you,
Pretty Baby of mine.

64 **THAT OLD GIRL OF MINE**

In your eyes the light of love was softly beaming,
My dearie, so sweet and cheery.
In your hair a shade of gold was gleaming,
Like moonbeams that shine.
Lou, Lou, I still love you, for the sake of
 Auld Lang Syne;
And I call you when I fall to sleep a dreaming
 "That Old Girl of Mine."

65 **MY LITTLE GIRL**

My little girl, you know I love you
And I long for you each day;
My little girl, I'm dreaming of you
Tho' you're many miles away.
I see the lane, down in the wildwood
Where you promised to be true,
My little girl, I know you're waiting,
And I'm coming back to you.

66

THEY'RE WEARING 'EM HIGHER IN HAWAII

For they're wearing 'em higher in Hawaii,
Higher, higher, higher, higher in Hawaii,
The beautiful beach at Waikiki
Is not the only pretty sight that you can see,
In Hawaii the maidens there are flyer,
They simply sway your heart away,
Hu-la maids are always full of pep,
All the old men have to watch their step,
For they're wearing 'em higher in Hawaii,
They're going up, going up ev'ry day.

67

IF I KNOCK THE "L" OUT OF KELLY

If I knock the 'L' out of Kelly,
It would still be Kelly to me;
Sure a single "L - Y" or a double "L - Y,"
Should look just the same to an Irishman's eye.
Knock off an "L" from Killarney,
Still Kilarney it always will be,
But if I knock the "L" out of Kelly,
Sure he'd knock the "L" out of me.

68

THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF BAD IN EVERY
GOOD LITTLE GIRL

There's a little bit of bad in ev'ry good little girl,
They're not to blame—
Mother Eve was very, very good,
But even she raised Cain—
I know a preacher's daughter,
Who never orders water
There's a little bit of bad in ev'ry good little girl,
They're all the same.

69

I'M ON MY WAY TO MANDALAY

I'm on my way to Mandalay,
Beneath the shelt'ring palms, I want to stray;
Oh, let me live and love for aye,
On that island far away.
I'm sentimental for my Oriental love
So sweet and gentle—that's why
I'm on my way to Mandalay,
I've come to say "Good-bye."

70

**WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP AND I WORE
A BIG RED ROSE**

When you wore a tulip, a sweet yellow tulip, and
I wore a big red rose,

When you caressed me, 'twas then Heaven blessed
me, what a blessing, no one knows.

You made life cheery, when you called me dearie,
'twas down where the blue grass grows,

Your lips were sweeter than julep, when you wore a
tulip, and I wore a big red rose.

71

**THERE'S A LITTLE SPARK OF LOVE STILL
BURNING**

There's a little spark of love still burning,
And yearning down in my heart for you;
There's a longing there for your returning,
I want you! I do!

So come, come, to my heart again,
Come, come, set that love aflame,
For there's a little spark of love still burning,
and yearning for you.

72 PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BONNET

On the old farm house veranda
There sat Silas and Miranda

Thinking of the days gone by.

Said he "Dearie don't be weary—

You were always bright and cheery,

But a tear, dear, dims your eye."

Said she "They're tears of gladness Silas—

They're not tears of sadness,

It is fifty years today since we were wed."

Then the old man's dim eyes brighten'd,

And his stern old heart it lighten'd,

And he turned to her and said,

CHORUS

Put on your old brey bonnet,
With the blue ribbon on it,
While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay;
And through the fields of clover,
We'll drive up to Dover,
On our golden wedding day."

73

I WANT A GIRL

I want a girl, just like the girl
That married dear old Dad.
She was a pearl, and the only girl
That Daddy ever had.
A good old fashioned girl, with heart so true,
One who loves nobody else but you.
I want a girl, just like the girl
That married dear old Dad.

74

WAY DOWN IN IOWA

I found a horse-shoe yesterday;
It brought me good luck right away;
Now I'm not superstitious,
But my wishes all came true.
I went and rubbed a rusty nail,
And then I made a wish for mail,
Next day a letter, said "You'd better
Come home without fail."

CHORUS

I'm gonna hide away, on a little farm in Iowa
I'm gonna ride away, on the road that leads to
yesterday,
Why I can almost picture dear old mother,
Sprinkling sugar on my bread and butter,
Way down in that town in Iowa.
Two heads are crowned with gray;
Oh! I owe them more than I can pay,
The fields of new mown hay, just moan and say:
"Go home and stay."
And when I get back with them both,
I'll never leave, I'll take an oath,
I'll hide away, way down in I-o-w-a.

75

SCHOOL DAYS

School days, school days,
Dear old golden rule days.
 Readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic,
 Taught to the tune of a hick'ry stick.
You were my queen in calico,
I was your bashful barefoot beau,
And you wrote on my slate, "I love you Joe,"
 When we were a couple of kids.

76

YAAKA HULA HICKEY DULA

I'm coming back to you, my Hula Lou,
 Beside the sea at Wai-ki-ki, You'll play for me.
And once again you'll sway my heart your way,
 With your yaa-ka hu-la hick-ey du-la tune.

77 O. HOW SHE COULD YACK-I, HACK-I, WICK-I WACK-I WOO

She had a Hu-la, Hu-la, Hick-i, Boo-la, Boo-la in
 her walk,
She had a U-ka-le-le Wick-i Wick-i Wail-i in her
 talk,
 And by the big Hawaiian moon,
 Beneath a banyan tree we'd spoon,
 I've been tryin' to learn "Hawaiian,"
 Since that night in June,
She had a blin-ky, blin-ky, little naughty wink-y in
 her eye,
She had a "Come and kiss me, don't you dare to
 miss me" in her sigh,
 Beneath the banyan para sol
 She couldn't talk my talk at all,
But, Oh how she could Yack-i, Hack-i, Wick-i,
 Wack-i Woo, That's love in Honolu.

78 IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

In the evening by the moonlight,
You could hear those darkies singing,
In the evening by the moonlight,
You could hear those banjos ringing,
And the old folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen,
As we sang, in the evening by the moonlight.

79 GOODBYE GIRLS, I'M THROUGH

Good Bye Girls, I'm through
Each Girl that I have met,
I say Good Bye to you
Without the least regret
I've done with all flirtation
You've no more fascination
There's but one to whom I'm true
Good Bye, Girls, Good Bye Girls,
Good Bye Girls, I'm through.

**80 WHEN I DREAM OF OLD ERIN, I'M
DREAMING OF YOU**

When I dream of old Erin, I'm dreaming of you,
With your sweet roguish smile and your true eyes
of blue;
For my love like the Shamrock, each day stronger
grew;
When I dream of old Erin, I'm dreaming of you.

81 MOTHER MACHREE

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed, and wrinkled
with care.
I kiss the dear fingers, so toil-worn for me,
As God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree!

**82 DOWN WHERE THE COTTON BLOSSOMS
GROW**

Picture tonight, the fields of snowy white,
Hear those darkies singing soft and low,
I long there to be, where someone waits for me,
Down where the cotton blossoms grow.

83

LINDY

Lindy, Lindy, sweet as the sugar cane,
Lindy, Lindy, say you'll be mine.
When the moon am a-shining,
Then my heart am a-pining,
Meet me, pretty Lindy, by the watermelon vine.

84

SWEET ADELINE

Sweet Adeline, My Adeline,
At night dear heart, for you I pine,
In all my dreams, your fair face beams,
You're the flower of my heart,
Sweet Adeline.

85

INDIANA

I have always been a wand'rer
Over land and sea,
Yet a moonbeam on the water
Casts a spell o'er me;
A vision fair I see
Again I seem to be.

Fancy paints on mem'rys canvas
Scenes that we hold dear
We recall them in days after
Clearly they appear,
And often times I see
A scene that's dear to me.

CHORUS

Back home again, in Indiana,
And it seems that I can see
The gleaming candle light still shining bright
Thru the sycamores for me
The new mown hay sends all its fragrance
From the fields I used to roam
When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash
Then I long for my Indiana home.

85-A

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;

And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death,
In ocean cave still safe with Thee,
 The germ of immortality;

And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

**86 IRELAND MUST BE HEAVEN, FOR MY
MOTHER CAME FROM THERE**

Ireland must be Heaven, for an angel came from
 there,
I never knew a living soul one-half as sweet or fair,
For her eyes are like the star-light, And the white
 clouds match her hair,
Sure Ireland must be Heaven, for my mother came
 from there.

87

EXHORTATION

(Tune—"Auld Lang Syne")

We're here for fun right from the start,
 Pray, drop your dignity;
Just laugh and sing with all your heart,
 And show your loyalty.

CHORUS

May other banquets be forgot,
Let this one be the best,
Join in the songs we sing tonight,
Be happy with the rest.

83

ROTARY, MY ROTARY

(Tune—Maryland, My Maryland)

Of all the clubs I love the best;

Rotary, My Rotary.

To thee I'll cling and stand the test,

Rotary, My Rotary.

With friendship, loyalty and cheer

I'll boost my brothers, far and near,

And hold my precepts ever dear;

Rotary, My Rotary.

Unselfishness we learn from thee ;

Rotary, My Rotary.

Rotary, My Rotary.

To think, as thought of we would be ;

Thy standards high we will maintain,

Uphold the right with might and main;

Thy honored name we'll keep from stain;

Rotary, My Rotary.

So louder now we swell the strain;

Rotary, My Rotary.

Inspire our hearts thy heights to gain;

Rotary, My Rotary.

Let truth and honor be our goal,

Exalt the life—make sweet the soul,

And ever on the chorus roll;

Rotary, My Rotary.

89 WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?

Who's your friend, Who's your friend,
She's got such hypnotizing eyes,
The kind that always makes me buy,
Who's your friend, Who's your friend,
Before I go, I would like to know,
Please tell me,—Who's your friend.

90 FOR ME AND MY GAL

The Bells are ringing, for me and my gal,
The birds are singing, for me and my gal,
Everybody's been knowing, to a wedding they're
going,
And for weeks they've been sewing, every Susie and
Sal;
They're congregating for me and my gal,
The parson's waiting for me and my gal,
And sometime, I'm goin' to build a little home for
two,
For three or four, or more,
In loveland, for me and my gal.

91 WHERE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS

Where the dear old Shannon's flowing,
Where the three-leaf shamrock grows,
Where my heart is I am going
To my little Irish Rose;
And the moment that I meet her,
With a hug and kiss I'll greet her,
For there's not a colleen sweeter,
Where the River Shannon flows.

92 SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Darling, I am growing old.
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow today;
Life is fading fast away.
But my darling you will be, will be,
Always young and fair to me.
Yes, my darling you will be
Always young and fair to me.

CHORUS

Darling, I am growing, growing old,
Silver threads among the gold;
But my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me.

92-A

BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE

Do not wait until some deed of greatness you may
do,

Do not wait to shed your light afar,
To the many duties ever near you now be true,
Brighten the corner where you are.

CHORUS

Brighten the corner where you are,
Brighten the corner where you are!
Someone far from harbor you may guide across the
bar,

Brighten the corner where you are.

Just above are clouded skies that you may help to
clear.

Let not narrow self your way debar,
Tho' into one heart alone may fall your song of
cheer,

Brighten the corner where you are.

Here for all your talent you may surely find a need,
Here reflect the bright and morning star,
Even from your humble hand the bread of life may
feed,

Brighten the corner where you are,

93

I'LL COME BACK TO YOU WHEN IT'S ALL
OVER.

CHORUS.

I'll come back to you when it's all over, all over,
Back to you and fields of clover,
We'll start our sweetheart days all over,
If your heart still beats as true.
There is a duty that ev'ry man should do,
My life defends it, but my heart belongs to you,
So pray for the day when it's all over
'Cause I'm coming back to you.

94 A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

Shure, a little bit of heaven fell from out the sky
 one day,
And nestled on the ocean in a spot so far away;
And when the angels found it, shure it looked so
 sweet and fair,
They said suppose we leave it, for it looks so peace-
 ful there:
So they sprinkled it with star dust just to make the
 shamrocks grow;
'Tis the only place you'll find them, no matter where
 you go;
Then they dotted it with silver, to make its lakes
 so grand,
And when they had finished, shure they called it
 Ireland.

95 THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

The hour was sad, I left the maid,
 A lingering farewell taking,
Her sighs and tears my steps delayed,
 I thought my heart was breaking;
In hurried words her name I blest,
 I breathed the vows that bind me,
And to my heart in anguish pressed
 The girl I left behind me.

Then to the East we bore away
To win a name in story,
And then warm dawns the sun of day,
There dawned our sun of glory,
Both blazed in noon on Alma's height,
Where in the post assigned me,
I shared the glory of that fight,
Sweet girl I left behind me.
(Third and Fourth Stanzas Omitted)

96

MOTHER

A word that means the world to me.
M—is for the million things she gave me,
O—means only that she's growing old,
T—is for the tears she shed to save me,
H—is for her heart of purest gold,
E—is for her eyes, with lovelight shining,
R—means right and right she'll always be,
Put them all together, they spell Mother,
A word that means the world to me.

97

K-K-K-KATY.

(Stammering Song) CHÖRUS.

K-K-K-aty, beautiful Katy,

You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore,
When the m m m moon shines, over the cow shed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

98

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO MAKE THOSE EYES AT ME FOR?

What do you want to make those eyes at me for,
When they don't mean what they say?
They make me glad, they make me sad,
They make me want a lot of things I've never had,
So what do you want to fool around with me for?
You lead me on, and then you run away,
But, never mind, I'll get you alone some night
And then you'll surely find,
You're flirting with dynamite,
So what do you want to make those eyes at me for,
When they don't mean what they say?

THE VACANT CHAIR.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him,
While we breathe our evening pray'r.
When a year ago we gathered
Joy was in his mild blue eyes,
But a golden chord is severed,
And our hopes in ruin lie.

CHORUS.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him,
While we breathe our evening pray'r.

At our fireside, sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story
How our noble Willie fell,
How he strove to bear our banner
Thro' the thickest of the fight,
And uphold our country's honor,
In the strength of manhood's might.

True, they tell us wreaths of glory,
Ever more will deck his brow,
But this soothes the anguish only,
Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now.
Sleep today, oh, early fallen,
In thy green and narrow bed,
Dirges from the pine and cypress,
Mingle with the tears we shed.

100

WHERE THE MORNING GLORIES GROW.

I remember, I remember, the place where I was born,
Where the morning glories twine around the door
at early morn.

I've forgotten, I've forgotten, how long I've been
away,

But I'd like to wander back again down the lane to
yesterday.

CHORUS.

I want to wake up in the morning, where the morn-
ing glories grow,

When the sun comes peepin' in where I'm sleepin'
and the song birds say "Hello"

I long to wander in the wildwood, where the rippling
waters flow,

And go drifting back to childhood, where the morn-
ing glories grow.

I remember, I remember, the schoolhouse on the
hill,

And I wonder if the tiny folks are climbing up there
still.

I can picture, I can picture the dear old swimming-
pool,

And the happy days that I spent there, when I
should have been in school.

101

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE.

I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,

To watch the scene below;

The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,

As we used to long ago.

The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,

Where first the daisies sprung;

The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,

Since you and I were young.

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,
Where the young, and the gay, and the best,
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
Have each found a place of rest,
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
And join in the songs that were sung;
For we sang as gay as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are less sprightly than then,
My face is a well written page, Maggie,
But time alone was the pen.
They say we are aged and gray, Maggie,
As sprays by the white breakers flung;
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

102 THE BLUE-BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

O where, and O where is your Highland laddie gone?
O where, and O where is your Highland laddie gone?
He's gone to fight the foe, for King George upon
the throne;
And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at
home!

O where, and O where does your Highland laddie
dwell?

O where, and O where does your Highland laddie
dwell?

He dwelt in merry Scotlond, at the sign of the
Blue-Bell;

And it's oh! in my heart that I love my laddie well.

JOAN OF ARC THEY ARE CALLING YOU

While you are sleeping,
Your France is weeping;
Wake from your dreams, Maid of France
Her heart is bleeding,
Are you unheeding?
Come with the flame in your glance
Through the gates of Heaven,
With your sword in hand,
Come, your legions in command.

Alsace is sighing,
Lorraine is crying,
Their mother, France, looks to you,
Her sons at Verdun,
Bearing the burden,
Pray for your coming anew
At the Gates of Heaven
Do they bar your way,
Souls that passed through yesterday.

CHORUS

Joan of Arc,
Joan of Arc,
Do your eyes, from the skies, see the foe?
Don't you see the drooping Fleurdelis?
Can't you see the tears of Normandy?
Joan of Arc?
Joan of Arc?
Let your spirit guide us through,
Come, lead your France to victory,
Joan of Arc, they are calling you.

104 OH JOHNNY, OH JOHNNY, OH!

Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny! how you can love,
Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny! Heavens above!
You make my sad heart jump with joy,
And when you're near I just can't
Sit still a minute, I'm so,
Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny! Please tell me dear,
What makes me love you so?
You're not handsome, it's true,
But when I look at you, I just,
Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny! Oh !

(Patriotic Version)

Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny! why do you lag?
Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny! run to your flag,
Your country's calling, can't you hear?
Don't stay behind while others
Do all the fighting Start to
Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny! Get right in line,
And help to crush the foe,
You're a big husky chap,
Uncle Sam's in a scrap, You must
Go! Johnny, Go! Johnny, Go!

105 TIPPERARY

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
All the streets are paved with gold,
Shure everyone was gay.
Singing songs of Picadilly, Strand and Leicester
Square
Till Paddy got excited and then he shouted to them
there:

CHORUS

It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl I
know;
Goodbye, Picadilly, farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart's
right there.

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O
 Saying "should you not receive it,
 Write and let me know;
 If I make mistakes in spelling Molly dear said he
 Remember its the pen that's bad and don't lay the
 blame on me."

106

OVER THERE.

Johnnie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun
 Take it on the run, on the run, on the run
 Hear them calling you and me
 Ev'ry son of liberty
 Hurry right away, no delay, go today,
 Make your daddy glad to have had such a lad,
 Tell your sweetheart not to pine,
 To be proud her boy's in line.

Refrain.

Over there, over there,
 Send the word, send the word over there
 That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming
 The drums rum-tumming ev'rywhere;
 So prepare, say a pray'r
 Send the word, send the word to be-ware
 We'll be over, we're coming over
 And we won't come back till it's over over there.

Johnnie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun
 Johnny show the Hun you're a son of a gun
 Hoist the flag and let her fly
 Yankee Doodle do or die
 Pack your little kit, show your grit, do your bit
 Yankees to the ranks from the towns and the tanks,
 Make your mother proud of you
 And the old Red, White and Blue.

107

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE IS THE LILLY.

One day as morning shed its glow across the eastern
 sky,
 A boy and girl in accents low, in a garden said
 "Goodbye."
 She said, "Remember as you stray, when each must
 do his share,
 The flowers blooming here today are emblems over
 there.
 Each morning in that garden fair, where sweetest
 perfumes dwell,
 The lassie whispers low a pray'r for the flow'rs she
 loves so well;
 And over there as night draws near amid the shot
 and flame,
 Unto the Flag he holds so dear, a soldier breathes
 her name.

REFRAIN.

Somewhere in France is the Lily,
 Close by the English rose,
 A thistle so keen, and a shamrock green
 And each loyal flow'r that grows.
 Somewhere in France is a sweetheart,
 Facing the battle's chance,
 For the flow'r of our youth fights for freedom and
 truth
 Somewhere in France.

108

JUST A BABY'S PRAYER AT TWILIGHT.

I've heard the prayers of mothers,
 Some of them old and gray.
 I've heard the prayers of others,
 For those who went away.
 Oft times a prayer will teach one,
 The meaning of good-bye.
 I felt the pain of each one,
 But this one made me cry.

CHORUS.

Just a baby's prayer at twilight,
When lights are low.
Poor baby's years,
Are filled with tears.
There's a mother there at twilight,
Who's proud to know,
Her precious little tot,
Is dad's forget-me-not.
After saying "Good-night Mama,"
She climbs up-stairs,
Quite unawares, and says her prayers;
"Oh! kindly tell my daddy
That he must take care."
That's a baby's prayer at twilight,
For her daddy "over there."

The gold that some folks pray for,
Brings nothing but regrets,
Some day this gold won't pay for,
Their many life-long debts.
Some prayers may be neglected,
Beyond the Golden Gates.
But when they're all collected,
Here's one that never waits:
Chorus—

109

WE'RE HERE, LAFAYETTE, WE'RE HERE.

We're here, Lafayette, we're here,
We will not forget, never fear.
Comes the call to freemen and we hear the cry,
For Freedom's cause must never die,
We're here, Lafayette, we're here
Your name we will always revere.
We will pay the debt of a hundred years,
We're here, Lafayette, we're here.

We're here, Lafayette, we're here,
Your spirit brought courage and cheer;
When our country called we found you brave and true,
Our gallant men we now send you.
We're here, Lafayette, we're here,
America's mission is clear,
We will fight with you until victory,
We're here, Lafayette, we're here.

CHORUS.

We're here, in sunny Franceland,
We're here to lend a hand,
In the fight for right we join you
With the grand old Red, White and Blue.
We're here, in sunny Franceland,
We're here to lend a hand,
And the dawn will soon appear.
Lafayette, we're here, we're here.

110 BRING BACK MY DADDY TO ME.

A sweet little girl, with bright golden curls,
Sat playing with toys on the floor,
Her dad went away, to enter the fray,
At the start of this long bitter war.
Her mother said: "Dear, your birthday is near,
Tomorrow your presents I'll buy,
The dear little child, quickly looked up and smiled,
And said with a tear in her eye.

Her ma softly sighs and tears fill her eyes,
As she hears her dear baby's plea,
She answers "My dear, if daddy were here,
What a wonderful present 'twould be;
How many homes yearn for someone's return,
With honor, and justice and right?
There are more little girls in this grief-stricken world
All saying the same thing tonight.

CHORUS.

I don't want a dress or a dolly,
'Cause dollies get broken 'round here,
I don't want the skates, the books or the slates, -
You bought for my birthday last year,
If you'll bring the present I ask for,
Dear mother, how happy I'll be,
You can give all my toys, to some poor girls and
boys,
But bring back my Daddy to me.

111 WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

Paddy Mack drove a hack up and down Broadway,
Pat had one expression and he'd use it every day;
Any time he'd grab a fare to take them for a ride,
Paddy jumped upon the seat, cracked his whip and
cried:

CHORUS.

"Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go
from here?"

Anywhere from Harlem to a Jersey City pier;"
When Pat would spy a pretty girl, he'd whisper in
her ear,

"Oh joy, oh boy, where do we go from here?"

One fine day on Broadway, Pat was driving fast,
When the street was blown to pieces, by a subway
blast;

Down the hole poor Paddy went, a thinkin' of his
past,

Then he says, says he, I think these words will be
my last:

"Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go
from here?"

Paddy's neck was in the wreck, but still he had no
fear;

He saw a dead man next to him and whispered in
his ear,

"Oh joy, oh boy, where do we go from here?"

First of all, at the call, when the war began,
Pat enlisted in the army, as a fighting man;
When the drills began, they'd walk a hundred miles
a day,
Tho' the rest got tired, Paddy always used to say:

"Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go
from here?"

Slip a pill to Kaiser Bill and make him shed a tear;
And when we see the enemy, we'll shoot them in the
rear,

"Oh joy, oh boy, where do we go from here?"

112 I DON'T WANT TO GET WELL.

I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well,
I'm in love with a beautiful nurse.

Early ev'ry morning, night and noon,

The cutest little girlie comes and feeds me with a
spoon;

I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well,

I'm glad they shot me on the fighting line, fine,

The doctor says that I'm in bad condition, but

Oh, Oh, Oh, I've got so much ambition,

I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well,

For I'm having a wonderful time.

I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well,
I'm in love with a beautiful nurse.

Though the doctor's treatments show results,

I always get a bad relapse each time she feels my
pulse;

I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well,

I'm glad they shot me on the fighting line, fine

She holds my hand and begs me not to leave her,

Then all at once I get so full of fever,

I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well,

For I'm having a wonderful time.

113 THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL.

Nights are growing very lonely, days are very long,
I'm a-growing weary only listening for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging thro' my memory
Till it seems the world is full of dreams
Just to call you back to me.

CHORUS.

There's a long, long trail a-winding, into the land of
my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing, and a white
moon beams,
There's a long, long night of waiting, until my
dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going down that long, long
trail with you.

114

**PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD
KIT-BAG AND SMILE, SMILE, SMILE.**

Private Perks is a funny little codger
With a smile, a funny smile.
Five feet none, he's an artful little dodger,
With a smile, a funny smile.
Flush or broke, he'll have his little joke
He can't be suppressed,
All the other fellows have to grin,
When he gets this off his chest:

REFRAIN.

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile.
When you've lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying,
It never was worth while,
So pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile.

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KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING.

They were summoned from the hillside,
They were called in from the glen.
And the country found them ready,
At the stirring call for men;
Let no tears add to their hardship,
As the soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking,
Make it sing this cherry song.

Refrain

Keep the Home-fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though the lads are far away, they
dream of home;
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come Home.

- 2 Over the seas there came a pleading,
"Help a Nation in distress."
And we gave our glorious laddies;
Honour made us do no less—
For no gallant son of Freedom
To a tyrant's yoke should bend,
And a noble heart must answer
To the sacred call of Friend.